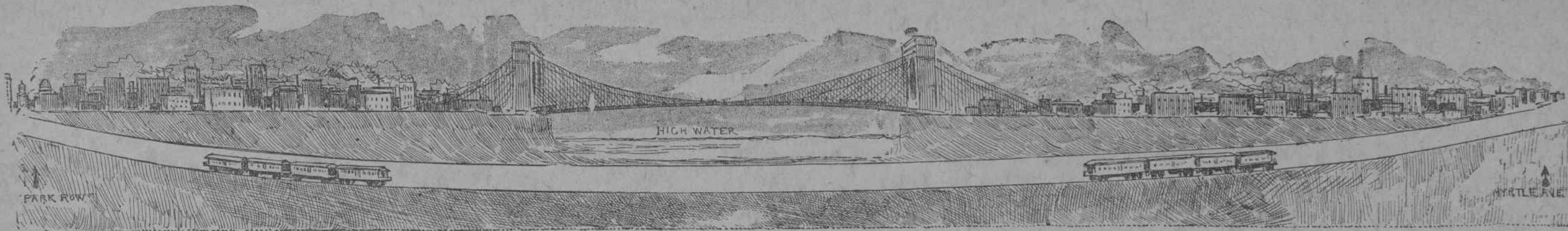


TUNNEL UNDER THE EAST RIVER FROM NEW YORK TO BROOKLYN.



THE State Board of Railroad Commissioners will before the first of the year pass upon the plans of the New York and Brooklyn Railroad Company, which proposes to connect the cities by a tunnel under the East River. The New York Board of Aldermen gave the necessary authority for the digging of the tunnel from Broadway and Ann street down Ann to and under the river. The au-

thority of the New York Board of Aldermen extends to the line of low water on the Brooklyn side. This peculiar extension of municipal power enabled the promoters to cover in one piece of easily obtained legislation two important sections of the work—the New York terminal and the route under the water. When they reached the Brooklyn Board they met with considerable opposition, and although

they had planned to tunnel from the river front to Adams street and Myrtle avenue, they have announced that they will build the Brooklyn terminal at about Orange and Fulton streets only, as they can do this without enormous expense or fear of successful opposition.

The only opposition so far encountered in New York comes from the owners of property on Ann street, but

it is believed that this will not effectually block the construction. It has been asserted that the tunnel is a scheme of Brooklyn street railroad people, and that its real purpose is to secure a subway for the handling of the enormous number of cars that are constantly in a state of congestion on Fulton street in that city. If the tunnel could be run to Adams street and Myrtle avenue, and made of sufficient

width from the river to that point, the operation of the street car lines centring on Fulton street would be very much simplified. It has been admitted that the promoters intend to offer the street railway people opportunity to run their cars through from Brooklyn to New York. Under such a scheme the Brooklynite who does business in New York could ride from his home to the centre of business

downtown in this city without change. If the tunnel is ever operated the city of New York will take two and one-half per cent on the gross earnings, exclusive of taxes on capital, personal and real property. All the stations are to be located on private property owned or leased by the tunnel constructors. There will be two tracks through the tunnel, and the cars will be lighted and operated by

electricity. It is proposed to run cars in trains of two, three or five on a headway of one-half or one minute. It is calculated that during the busy times of the day 12,000 persons can be transported in an hour. It is argued that in five years the crush on the Brooklyn Bridge will be so great that the tunnel will be a supreme necessity, and the new East River Bridge will then be only fairly begun.

THREE-SPIRED CATHEDRAL OF ICE IN THE PATH OF THE ATLANTIC LINERS.

An iceberg drift in the path of Atlantic steamers has been reported by Captain Nickels, of the Red Star Line steamship *Friesland*, which arrived in this port yesterday from Antwerp. On the morning of December 12, when four days out from the other side, and 1,100 miles to the eastward of Sandy Hook, the steamer sighted the monster berg. It was then about ten miles distant from the ship in a southerly direction and lying between the east and west bound steamer lanes.

When Chief Officer Hoge, who had the bridge, reported the berg at 9:10 o'clock in the morning, Captain Nickels at first refused to believe that ice had been sighted so early in the season. It is usually May or June before these vagrant lumps break away from the Arctic fields, but the sight of the glistening spires convinced the skipper that this particular berg was rushing the season.

The steamer's course was altered so as to bring her within four miles of the frozen spectacle and give the passengers a treat. It was a bright, clear morning, with a background of blue sky that gave the berg a chance to appear at its best. The mass was fully 800 feet long—nearly twice the length of the big ship, and supported three spires, the tallest of which towered 250 feet in the air. The highest peak rose at the western end of the berg, and the other two, each about 150 high, balanced the mass at the opposite end. Between the peaks the ice mountain took the form of a huge cathedral, with many turrets, towers and slender spires. This midway glacier block held the ice together.

In color the berg seems to be a dark green, but when the sun struck the spire the



frozen water shone like burnished silver. Waves washing along the base made more ice, so that instead of losing in Southern latitudes, the berg is gaining weight on its travels. With the wind northwest, the mass continued to drift slowly south.

On the evening previous to sighting the berg the thermometer registered 40 degrees. In the early morning it stood at 28, and when abreast of the ice the mercury took a drop to 30 degrees. When last seen the menace to life and property floated in latitude 46.50 north and longitude 46.07 west. It was then due south of the Flemish Cape. Another, but smaller, berg was seen on the same day. This one was 100 feet long by 50 feet high, and resembled a beehive, according to the description of the mariners.

At 11 o'clock Tuesday night the *Friesland* arrived off Sandy Hook, just in time to pick up the blizzard that made life uncomfortable in this city. At sea it was much worse, though the cold was not so piercing. There was no pilot in sight, nor could a boat have been seen in the swirling sheets of snow and sleet. The steamer put back to sea and then stood off and on until 7 o'clock Wednesday evening. All this time the storm raged, with weather so thick that even the whistle blasts fell short. Two men were kept in the crew's nest night and day, standing look-out in stretches of one hour, and then piping below to groom the snow and ice from their whiskers. An able seaman is well protected from the weather in the nest, but he must expose his face in order to sweep the horizon for pilot boats. However, the cold was not enough to cause suffering.

Early Wednesday evening the *Friesland* picked up a pilot and reached her dock at 8 o'clock yesterday morning.



FINDING A WAIF IN THE STORM.

HE THOUGHT HIS RIFLE WAS EMPTY.

There will be a funeral in New Brunswick, N. J., to-day as the result of an innocent boyish conflict. Little Herbert Hayes, who was shot and killed on Wednesday by his playmate and best friend, William Swenson, will be laid to rest, and the last chapter of a sad tragedy written.

They were fighting out in make-believe the war between Spain and Cuba. Fourteen-year-old Herbert Hayes, a son of Rev. F. B. Hayes, of the East Milstone Methodist Church, argued with Willie Swenson, sixteen years old and the son of Conductor Oliver Swenson, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, that Cuba's cause was just. Willie championed the side of Spain, and finally proposed that they fight it out.

Two long strips of wood were used as swords. They fenced for quite a while in the Swenson kitchen, and Willie got the worst of it. He describes what followed in these words:

"My Plobert rifle was in the corner of the kitchen, and when I saw I was getting whipped, I grabbed it and aimed at Herbert. I had been shooting birds with it a few days before, and did not think it was loaded. Herbert smiled and charged at me. I pulled the trigger to scare him, and the gun went off."

"Herbert fell, and when I ran to him he cried, 'Go for Dr. Ribble.' When I got back home Herbert was dead. It was terrible, for we were good friends," and tears coursed down his cheeks as he said it.

Coroner Wager, after investigating the case, decided that the shooting was accidental. Rev. Mr. Hayes, the dead boy's father, has spent much time with the Swenson family, trying to console them. He assured Willie that he did not blame him.

WICKED LITTLE GIRLS WITH ITCHING PALMS.

The names of these young persons are Isabella Feriolo, Maria Santor and Angelina Moratta. Their ages were given as thirteen, twelve and eleven years, respectively, and their addresses as Nos. 273, 280 and 278 Mott street.

These Mott street maidens were arrested last week, and turned over to the Gerry society, although Headquarters detectives thought enough of their prowess as shoplifters to be anxious to have the credit of their capture. They came to grief in a Sixth avenue dry goods store, after having pocketed a lot of small articles of no great value.

Isabella and her two companions seem to belong to the same school of crime, for the matron of the Gerry Society relates that they made a brave attempt to pick the pocket of a lady visitor to the society's rooms last Tuesday afternoon. Not content with this evidence of depravity, they broke everything they could lay their hands on, and misbehaved themselves in every way that could suggest itself.

But for these revelations, sentence would probably have been suspended. As it was, Justice Jacobs committed the girls to the Catholic Protectory. All three of them broke into screams when sentence was pronounced, and had to be dragged, kicking from court by the Gerry agents.



KILLED WHILE PLAYING AT WAR.

THIS TOT CAME IN ON SNOW WINGS.

In the nursery ward at Bellevue Hospital is a baby girl, who came to New York on the snowy wing of the blizzard. When this baby grows to the age when most babies call for "mamma" and "papa" the two words will probably be missing from her vocabulary. She will know no father or mother.

Dr. George W. Bleything, of No. 1008 Madison avenue, stumbled through the snow drifts to the door of his home Wednesday evening. To his surprise, he found the outer door open. He walked into the vestibule and, pulling his key from his pocket, went to open the inner door. At the same time he pushed the outside door with his foot, expecting it to shut and lock with a slam. To his surprise he found it stopped about half-way. He pushed it again, and found the door was clogged by a bundle of rags on the floor. Hastily unwrapping the bundle, he found within it the form of a baby, enveloped in a soft blanket and fine linen.

A hasty examination of the waif showed the man of medicine that she had been in this world but a few hours. He called his wife, and they took the little one to the warm parlor of their flat. While Mrs. Bleything was doing her best to warm the child the Doctor sent for a policeman. Officer Philip Thornton reported, and the tiny waif was turned over to him. He took the child to Bellevue, where she will be kept until she is strong enough to be conveyed to one of the city institutions for orphans.

The linen and blanket in which the little girl was wrapped are of fine quality, and it is inferred by the police that the parents of the child are well to do.



UNIQUE SCENES AT THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' FAIR AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.